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last September.

7,711.

The gold reserve in the Treasury is in-

creasing. A good thing.

When the battle is over, the Tiger will

have its pains for its stripes.

Green-goods men are now holding re-

ceptions up in Westchester County.

Senator Hill is disturbing the over-

confidence of his friends the enemy.

Harrison will speak for Morton, and

not through his grandpa's hat, either.

Register to-morrow. But if you can't

do it then, don't neglect it on Saturday.

To-morrow and Saturday are the last

registration days for this city and Brook-

lyn.

Driver doesn't see, even yet, that the

leaders can't fight it out on his line any

longer.

Cleveland's policy at Gray Gables

seems to have been to say nothing but

shop wood.

Cleveland went to the theatre last

night. Evidently he didn't know the

way to Carnegie Hall.

What there is of "L" road transit

is not good enough, and there is not

enough of it, such as it is.

Japan will not make peace with China.

The Wajen bull is loose in the china shop

and refuses to be placated.

Greater New York and Better New

York demand the aid of every voter

with a mind and a conscience.

At last there is something in the Pen-

sion Bureau that even the most flagrant

grabber doesn't want. It's small-pox.

The official band who "held up"

Mr. Goff's through train of inquiry in

Jersey City yesterday will regret it later.

The attention of Messrs. Corbett and

Fitzsimmons is directed to Mr. Hill as

to a man who can fight as well as talk.

Mr. Cleveland's letter was one of the

most interesting things that did not fig-

ure in last evening's Hill meeting at

Music Hall.

Adlai will make some speeches here.

Probably because his boss is ham-

stringing in the writing arm, and like-

wise tongue-tied.

Mr. Vanderbilt has a \$15,000 piano.

Tramway has to be content with a

supernatural organ. That's the way things

are divided in this world.

Two Brooklyn trolley cars collided yes-

terday. Now that they are tackled each

other they know how it is themselves,

and the public may have a rest.

The authorities Higher Up may sup-

press Mrs. Hermann for a little while.

But every moment of her suppression

is one of guilty men's confession.

Postmaster Dayton says that he will

be his best to deliver political mail mat-

ter. Why doesn't he do that with the

regular mails all the year round?

Chicago has a registration of over

500,000 voters. New York has only 250,

000, so far, but there is more conscience

in our politics than in the Windy City's.

"We may never adjourn," said one of

the Lexow Committee. Not unless

you get more of a move on you, gen-

tleman, or else abandon any idea of

getting Higher Up.

That cook-a-doodle-doer in Carnegie

Hall last night broke out too early in

the campaign. Political chancellors

should not try their voices until the

morning after election.

"Well, but you see the lamps we

have are all paid for," was the reply

in effect, of Mr. Russell Sage, when

somebody suggested new and decent il-

luminators for "L" road cars.

be surpassed by the Western metropoli-

On paper, this will make Chicago

appear to be the centre of a larger

gathering of people than is this city.

As a matter of fact, the real New York

is big enough to completely swamp the

Western Fair village, Brooklyn, Long

Island City and the other municipali-

ties included in the Greater New York

are much closer to the metropolitan

centre and much more essentially a part

of its being than most of the annexed

sections of Chicago. The Greater Chi-

cago has constructed what is an ex-

posedly to numbers. The Greater New

York will have also a community of

interests.

OILY THINKS THE COAT FITS.

Mayor Gilroy continues to insist that

the Tammany coat fits New York "like

the paper on the wall." He assures the

public that really there has never been

a fit like it since municipalities came

into being.

Perhaps he is right.

Perhaps the people who see that the

garment hangs crooked and awry on

every side are cross-eyed.

Perhaps those who see great stains

and blotches on the cloth are color-

blind.

Perhaps the citizens to whom one

sleeve seems too short and the other

too long are merely deficient in a sense

of perspective.

Perhaps those who really are not gaping

rents down the back of the coat are

perhaps it is not a wadding of moral

decadence and municipal rottenness that

sticks out between defective seams.

Perhaps those are mistaken who think

the lining moth-eaten with blackmail.

Perhaps the pants are so tight on the

buttons is a mark of honor rather than

a badge of shame.

Perhaps—well, perhaps we shall all

know more about it after election.

THE ELEVATOR STILL WAITS.

Mr. Goff has managed to waste an-

other day through the interference of

the Jersey City police with a witness.

It is said that the testimony of this

witness was "most important," but the

vague outline of it given indicates that

she was to tell the same old story of

blackmail and extortion by subordinate

officers of the police force.

Has the girl in Mr. Goff's mill run

so low that his failure to secure one

more such witness necessitates the ad-

jourment of the Committee and the

wasting of one-twelfth of all the time

left between now and election day?

There are plenty of witnesses whose

testimony the people want to hear,

whether Mr. Goff wants to call them or

not, who have not fled to Chicago or

been held up by Jersey City police.

Thomas Byrnes, for instance, can be

obtained without kidnapping. No lures

or violence need be employed to se-

ize the attendance of James J. Mar-

tin. John C. Blocher was waiting to

go on the stand yesterday. Even Rich-

ard Croker could probably be dragged

into the court-room without the as-

sistance of a team of oxen.

Mr. Goff has spent his Summer bur-

ying in mire and filth to poor pur-

pose if he does not know whether there

is a witness who will tell the truth

and others like them stand in

spolia of vice and crime the existence

and extent of which he has so ably

proven. Either they got it or they didn't

get it. Mr. Goff knows which, and he

is going to keep the information from

the public which wants it right

now, before election.

Better take the elevator now, Mr.

Goff, or it may go up without you on

Nov. 6.

WHAT WILL HE DO?

Mr. Cleveland is in the city, but that is

all that is known about him by the

people. How long he designs to stay,

what he is going to do, whether he in-

tends to neglect the citizen's duty of

voting in the approaching election, whether

he means to register, whether he will

write any letters or make any sign to show

his friends who are in rebellion against

Hill that he desires Democratic success,

are mysteries concealed from the public

with remarkable persistency.

The Democratic party has a harder

struggle before it on Nov. 6 than it has

any other day in its history.

New York and of your fellow-citizens

of yourself. You will be using your

right of franchise as an instrument of

the "L" road monopoly. The only ar-

guments against the proposition to be

submitted to you on Nov. 6 are manu-

factured and propagated by James W.

Harkins, the half-breed, the half-breed,

half of the owners of the Manhattan

roadways on stills.

"The World" this morning showed how

one "Col." William Carrere, a confessed

forger, and one who had previously

served time on other convictions, was

set free through the kindly aid of the

District Attorney's office in September

last. Mr. Fellow's explanation is eagerly

awaited. Or does the District At-

torney, like the Recorder, refuse to

"enter into a controversy with a news-

paper?"

Again the sandbag appears in New

York's public ways. He found one vic-

tim in East One Hundred and Sixteenth

street early yesterday morning, and an-

other in West Fifty-fifth street early

this morning. Are the police officers

too busy keeping Lexow witnesses out

of town to pay some attention to these

two cases of thuggery?

Recorder Smyth's unwillingness to

"enter into a controversy with a news-

paper" is easily explained. It takes

two sides to make a controversy, and

"The World" has taken up the only

side there is to the cases of Professional

Bondman Jaehne and Burglar Hough-

ton, of the suspended sentence.

Those Jersey judges who didn't shoot

any ducks, but bragged about their gun-

ning achievements, got themselves in

trouble through a weakness of human

nature that is common to all men, even

those who adorn the woolpack.

Attorney-General Olney coolly tells a

Minneapolis Marshal, whose resignation

he accepted, that he might become a

murderer if permitted to mingle in poli-

tics during this campaign. There's

bronze-foundry cheek for you!

Mrs. Cleveland is going to christen

the new passenger steamship St. Louis.

If that vessel don't knock spots out of

the transatlantic record, it will be the

most ungrateful monster that ever rode

the sea.

Mayor Gilroy's Garbage Commission